66

THE Coquette

COUNTRY COQUET;

or, Coffee House

Miss in Her Breeches.

Temple Bar

BALLAD OPERA.

As it MAY BE ACTED

At the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*.

Men, ſome to Bus'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at Heart a Rake. POPE.

By A YOUNG LADY.

LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold by J. MAJOR, in *Three Tun-Court*, leading from the *Ship* in *Ivy-Lane* into *Newgate-Market*. Sold alſo by Mr. WOODFALL, at *Charing-Croſs*, Mr. REEVE, in *Fleet-Street*, and Mr. JAMES, at the *Royal-Exchange*.

MDCCLV.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE COUNTRY COQUET;

OR,

Miss in Her Breeches.

A

BALLAD OPERA.

BRITISH MUSEUM

As it is

At the Theatre [illegible] Drury-Lane.

Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take;
But every Woman is at Heart a Rake. Pope.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold by J. Mayon, in Tyler Fin-Court, leading from the Side in Top-Lane into Newgate-Market. Sold also by Mr. Woodward, at Charing-Cross; Mr. Reeve, in Fleet-Street, and Mr. James, at the Royal-Exchange.

MDCCLV.

[Price One Shilling.]

PROLOGUE.

NANNY comes forwards, and courteſies very low.

Did you but know in what a piteous Plight
Our Virgin-Authoreſs *is in To-night*;
How anxious there ſhe ſtands, in Hopes to pleaſe ye,
[pointing behind the Scenes.
You'd Clap *her ſure for* once, *to make her eaſy.*
Conſider, Sirs, the Girl's *but in her Teens*;
Wink then, and pardon her too artleſs Scenes;
When grown adult, ſhe'll form a better Play;
Rome *waſn't built, conſider, in a Day.*
Be gen'rous then for once, eſpouſe her Cauſe,
And crown her Firſt Performance *with* Applauſe.

PER-

PERSONS NAMES.

Sir GEORGE WILLFUL,	A rich Country Gentleman, Father to SILVIA.
'Squire SAPSAINT,	A fooliſh, ſanctified 'Sqr. intended to marry SILVIA.
GAYMORE,	A Gentleman of Honour, in Love with SILVIA.
TOM GAYMORE,	Brother to GAYMORE, a Rake.
ALEXIS,	Shepherd to Sir GEORGE.
WILL,	GAYMORE's Man.

SILVIA,	Daughter of Sir GEORGE.
SELINDA,	A Prude, Companion to SILVIA, and Miſtreſs to GAYMORE.
NANNY,	A Gentleman's Daughter.
BETTY.	SILVIA's Maid.

SCENE. A Rural Proſpect.

TO THE

LADIES

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN.

LADIES,

THE following Sheets are the Compoſition of One of your Own Sex, which ſhe wrote for her Amuſement at Leiſure Hours. She has very judiciouſly expoſed the falſe Pretences of a *Prude*'s Virtue, with the vain, ridiculous, and dangerous Conduct of a *Coquet*. You will

here ſee painted in the moſt lively Colours, the *Man* of *Pleaſure* in the Character of an artful *Villain*, upon the Brink of ruining a young Girl, who was determined to gratify her Humour, even at the Loſs of her Happineſs and Honour.

The truly Generous Honeſt Man, is likewiſe preſented to your View; with the amiable Characters of two faithful Lovers.

This Performance was intended to have been offered for the Peruſal of ſome of the Managers of the Theatres; but that Propoſition was rejected by a Gentleman of an allowed excellent Underſtanding, who averred you were the BEST Judges of the Works of your OWN SEX.

It therefore appears in the World in Hopes of your Protection: And I make not the leaſt Doubt, but this FEMALE OPERA will deſerve your Approbation. I am, Ladies, with the moſt profound Reſpect,

Your Devoted, and

Obedient Humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by SILVIA and NANNY.

SILVIA.

WHEN Girls forſake their Needles, and write Plays,
Strut in their Breeches, *and attempt the* Bays;
You Men, no doubt, will think them very pert,
And that it's Time your Pow'r you ſhould exert:
Howe'er, have Mercy on our Sex To-night;
You often ſwear we are your chief Delight.
As you in Private ſuch fine Speeches make,
For Shame! in Publick, don't a Girl forſake.
For I'm a GIRL, *although in this Diſguiſe.*
Nann. *This very Night our* Female Op'ra *dies.*
Silv. *Not ſo, I hope!—What think you of the Pit?*
Nann. *Fully reſolv'd to cruſh a Woman's Wit.*

SILVIA advances.

Hey day! Is this the Caſe?

[Struts, and looks big.

Theſe Sort of Favours we don't often crave,
Then pray, for once, with Decency behave;
Sit down in Quiet, and be very civil,
Or elſe our Sex will ſend ye to the Devil!

Nann. *Hold,* Silvia, *hold, ſuch Airs will never do:*
We muſt for Favours with Submiſſion ſue:
Should the dread Criticks *with their* Cat-calls *come,*
They'll ſeal, at once, our Op'ra's *final Doom.*
In order therefore, to procure Succeſs,
I'll try to ſooth them with a ſoft Addreſs.

NAN-

THE Country Coquet, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Sir* GEORGE's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir GEORGE *and* BETTY.

Sir GEORGE.

ARE you ſure ſhe's not in her Chamber?

Betty. Yes, Sir, I think ſo, except ſhe's a-top of the Bed's-teaſter; for I am ſure I have ſearch'd every Place elſe in the Houſe, even as much as your Worſhip's Strong-water Cloſet.

Sir *Geo.* An ungracious Baggage! — To run away the very Morning ſhe was to be married! — Had ſhe ſtaid till I had fairly and honourably got rid of her, ſhe might have walked off as ſoon as ſhe

pleaſed, without being blamed for her Conduct; for that's no more than moſt Wives do now-a-days. Have you ſent to *Selinda*'s? Perhaps ſhe's gone to invite her to the Wedding.

Betty. No, Sir, not ſhe indeed; for I met Madam *Selinda* juſt going to Prayers, who aſſur'd me ſhe had not ſeen her.

Sir *Geo.* How unfortunate is the Man that hath any thing to do with the Sex! for Diſcord, Malice, and perpetual Uneaſineſs attend, even the moſt ſerene State of Wedlock.

SONG I. Tune, *Buffcoat.*

How happy is he,
That from Wedlock is free,
And no Female to break his Quiet!
Either Daughter, or Wife,
Is a Plague to his Life,
And procures him eternal Riot.

When *Adam* alone,
In his Paradiſe ſhone,
He was wholly exempted from Evil;
'Till Woman brought in
Her Retinue of Sin,
And at length introduced the Devil.

Bett. Ay, Sir, and there is an old Saying, and a true one; that Woman will be Woman, do all ye can. But here comes Mr. *Sapſaint*; I ſuppoſe his Grief will have no Bounds.

Enter SAPSAINT.

Sir *Geo.* (*In a melancholy Tone*) Good-morrow, Mr. *Sapſaint.*

Sap. Good-morrow, Sir *George*. May this Morning yield us all the Happineſs we can both wiſh!

Sir *Geo.* I am afraid, Mr. *Sapſaint*, it won't.

Sap. Mercy forbid, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Sir *Geo.* I know not what I mean, nor what my Daughter means; but this I know, that ſhe is gone, and we're to have no Wedding To-day.

Sap. Gone, Sir! Whither?

Sir *Geo.* I cannot tell, ſhe's run away for fear of being married, I ſuppoſe; there's the Neſt (*pointing to her Chamber*) but the Bird's flown. An undutiful Witch! Wounds, wou'd I had hold of her, I'd ſend her to Hell in a Whirlwind. What a-devil had I to do to get Children to plague me thus!

Sap. Dear, Sir *George*, moderate your Paſſion; we ought to bear our Misfortunes with Patience: Let us ſearch every where; who can tell, ſhe may be found, and ſhe may not be found; but then, you know, we do our Duty, there can be no Blame laid on us.

Sir *Geo.* Very right, Mr. *Sapſaint*, I'll take your Advice; but, if I find her———(*in a violent Paſſion*) [*Exit.*

Sap. (*Following*) Bleſs us! what a Fury he's in! [*Exit.*

BETTY *alone.*

Away with ye, like a Couple of Fools as you are. I hope my Miſtreſs, by this Time, is ſafe enough from your Clutches. If ſhe has not taken care of that, ſhe deſerves to be confin'd to the dull Embraces of a ſanctified Fool, and the frequent Chaſtiſements of an old fractious Father, who debars others from Pleaſure, becauſe he's paſt it himſelf. But I believe I need not fear, for we Women are naturally ſo fond of Liberty, that we ſeldom

make Delay in any Thing that can be a Means to purchaſe it.

Enter GAYMORE.

Ha! Mr. *Gaymore*, are you come to ſeek the loſt Sheep too?

Gay. Hell and Furies! Where's *Sylvia?*

Bett. In her Lover's Arms, or near them, by this Time, I hope.

Gay. 'Sdeath! is ſhe married?

Bett. No, no, ſhe's not quite ſo great a Fool as that neither.

Gay. No Riddles, explain yourſelf this Moment. Say, what's become of her?

Bett. Well, Sir, if I muſt explain myſelf; ſhe was, this Morning, to be married to 'Squire *Sapſaint*; but ſhe very prudently, to ſave the Expence and Trouble that always follow, upon ſuch Occaſions, has taken herſelf away; and that's all I know of the Matter.

Gay. That ſhe is gone, I am glad; but where?— To whom? — Had ſhe flown to me, ſhe had been ſafe.

Bett. That may be; but you know ſhe was ever unſtable in her Temper; and I ſuppoſe ſhe thought ſhe had had enough of your Company already, ſo was willing to try the Pleaſures of Variety.

Gay. 'Tis true, ſhe ſeem'd to be unſtable in her Temper; but I believe it was affected, merely to comply with the Cuſtom of the general Part of the World, who ſeem what they are not; for it is impoſſible a Soul ſo ſenſible as her's, could ever debaſe itſelf ſo much. That Wit without Raillery, Beauty without Art, plain Sincerity and Goodneſs unequal'd, were ne'er deſign'd by Heaven to hide the common Vices of the Sex: No! *Silvia*'s more than Woman! ſhe's all that Heart can wiſh, or Tongue expreſs!

Bett.

Bett. I am afraid you'll find yourſelf miſtaken; for, to my certain Knowledge, *Silvia* is firmly engaged to a young Gentleman of Merit; at leaſt, ſhe expects to find him ſo e'er long.

Gay. Your Words are worſe than Poiſon! — Inform me all you know, and eaſe my tortured Mind! I'll be as ſecret as Death. As an Inſtance of my Sincerity, take this Purſe (*giving a Purſe*); and if, by your Means, I can recover *Silvia*, not twenty ſuch ſhall fully pay you for it.

Bett. Why now you *talk* to the Purpoſe; and to let you ſee that I'll *act* as much to the Purpoſe, come to the Back door of the Garden between Eleven and Twelve this Night, and I will diſcover all you wiſh to know: But be gone now, leſt my Maſter ſhould return and ſuſpect you as the Means of *Silvia*'s Flight, which might prevent my ſeeing you again.

Gay. I am bound to you beyond Expreſſion, and will be ruled juſt as you think proper. So, dear *Betty*, farewel. [*Exit.*

BETTY *alone.*

There is not ſo prevailing an Argument in all the World as Gold: If any Body had told me this Morning, that I ſhould have betray'd my Miſtreſs before Night, I ſhould ha' ſworn they had ly'd: And yet the Moment I beheld this Purſe, I hadn't one Reſolution left (*holding up the Purſe*); the Ten thouſand pleaſing Ideas which poſſeſs'd my Soul, at the very Sight of it, baniſhed every Principle, and my whole Thoughts were confined to this little Compaſs. O Gold! well may we ſay thou art our better Angel, for I know no Bleſſings in Life but thou canſt beſtow.

SONG

SONG II. Tune, *The White Joke.*

O mighty Gold! thou'rt all divine,
Propitious Stars have ceas'd to ſhine;
Since Nature ſhew'd thy brighter Face.
When you appear'd the World grew gay,
And ever ſince you've borne the Sway:
No Merit now can gain the Prize,
On you alone the World relies,
If Gold commands we muſt obey. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Grove near* Sir GEORGE's *Houſe.*

Enter SILVIA, *dreſs'd like a young Rake, and ſinging as ſhe enters.*

SONG III. Tune, *We Politick Kings.*

Thus happy as *Jove*,
With Freedom and Love,
Kind Fortune my Wiſhes has crown'd.——

Enter SELINDA. SILVIA, *meeting her, ſtarts, and ſtops in her Song as frighted.*

Selin. Heyday! what in the Name of Wonder has Fortune done now! Or what new Whim has metamorphoſed you into this Dreſs?

Silv. Why, Madam, in the firſt Place, Fortune has done all I deſire at preſent; and in the next Place, I am metamorphoſed into this Dreſs, becauſe it pleaſes my Fancy.

Selin. A very good Reaſon truly! But pray how long do you intend to go on in this pretty Manner? Don't you conſider, your Father is getting you a ſober Huſband, and ſhould he diſapprove of this

this Conduct, you may, perhaps, be forced to die a Maid for your Puniſhment.

Silv. I believe there is no great Danger of that: And, as to his ſober Huſband, he may reſerve him for you, if he pleaſes; for I ſhan't ſacrifice my Pleaſures to my Father's Humours, I'll aſſure you.

Selin. But pray, my Dear, be adviſed; you know I am your Friend, and it gives me Pain to think you ſhould expoſe yourſelf to the Dangers which conſequently muſt follow this Way of Proceeding.

Silv. Indeed, my Dear, I will be adviſed, when I am certain you never expoſe yourſelf to the Dangers which conſequently muſt follow the Proceedings of all Prudes, who blame in others, what themſelves only want Opportunity to put in Practice.

SONG IV. Tune, Chloe *whilſt I view thee ſmiling.*

Thus fond Prudes, with Envy ſmiling,
Others Crimes with Joy repeat,
Whilſt their Eyes their Tongues beguiling,
Shew they love the dear Deceit.

Mine's a Heart diſdains diſguiſing,
Freedom loves, yet Honour prizing,
Nor regards what Fools can preach.
Let dull Dotards rail at Leiſure,
—*Tommy*'s Arms yield greater Pleaſure
Than all the Morals they can teach.

Selin. (*In a ſubmiſſive Manner*) I ſee, *Silvia*, you are no Changeling: And ſince you are reſolved to go on your own Way, never let us quarrel about Diſpoſitions. But, to change the Diſcourſe, pray what Adventure brought you into the Grove? I ſuppoſe you did not expect to meet me here?

Silv.

Silv. The Grove, this Weather, is no unlike Place to meet any one in; but, I muſt confeſs, I did not think you would have known me. But here come more Plagues!—I'll e'en face them out. Now, Fortune! — if with my Breeches you have furniſhed me with a ſmall Stock of Impudence, let it aſſiſt me this once, and I'll ne'er call thee a Jade again.

Enter Sir GEORGE *and* SAPSAINT.

Sir *Geo.* Madam *Selinda*, your Servant; you are the Perſon I have been all this Morning ſearching for, I am mighty glad I have found you.

Selin. So am I, Sir *George*, if your Buſineſs is particular; for I am always at the Service of you, or your Family.

Sir *Geo.* I believe it, Madam, and would be very much obliged to you, if you'd tell me any thing concerning my graceleſs Daughter, for you and ſhe were always great, always Counſel-keepers: hee, hee, (*grinning at her.*)

Selin. 'Tis true, Sir, *Silvia* and I have been very good Friends, but not of late: *Silvia* is alter'd to all that loved her, and is now like moſt of the World, who regard Flatterers, and deſpiſe their true Friends; ſhe ſcorns to demean herſelf now ſo much as to make *Selinda* her Confident.

Silv. (*Aſide*) I ſee I ſhan't want your good Word. However, I'll ſpeak, though it betrays me.—You may ſet your Heart at reſt, old Gentleman, your Daughter's very ſafe.

Sir *Geo.* Safe, quothee (*looking at her*); I doubt it much, while there are ſuch gay Butterflies as you abroad.

Silv. O, Sir, your Butterfly is a harmleſs Sort of Creature; and I am ſure I am very harmleſs, for my Part.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Why pray, Sir, who are you?

Silv. A Gentleman, and a Man of Buſineſs.

Sir *Geo.* And pray, Sir, what is your Buſineſs here?

Silv. The common Buſineſs of the World!—to trouble my Head with other Men's Affairs, and neglect my own.

Sir *Geo.* Very good, truly. And prithee where did you come from?

Silv. From *London.*

Sir *Geo.* And whither are you a-going, if one may be ſo bold to aſk?

Silv. To *London.*

Sir *Geo.* Very good again. And pray do you follow nothing?

Silv. Yes, what moſt fine Gentlemen follow, Whores, Bawdy-houſes, Play-houſes, Taverns, Horſe-races, and Gaming-tables.

Sir *Geo.* A very harmleſs Creature indeed, Sir!

Sap. Do you ever go to Church, Sir?

Silv. O, yes, very often.

Sap. And how do you employ your Time there? Do you pray?

Silv. Sometimes; when I ſee a pretty Girl, whoſe devout Eyes, and up-lifted Hands, have almoſt cool'd Inclination, I pray for an Aſſurance to attack her before ſhe gets out of the Church.

Sap. Bleſs us! and deliver us!—Have you ever been at Court, Sir?

Silv. Why, I am a Courtier.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, then I don't wonder you're ſo wicked. But what is all this to my Daughter? You know where ſhe is, you ſay.

Silv. Not I, really, I only was in jeſt; all that I know is, that ſhe's counted fair.

Selin. (*Aſide to* Silvia) And falſe.

Silv. 'Tis a Woman ſays that, and ſo——

Selin. Here comes a Man will ſay the ſame, and not without Reaſon.

Silv. The Devil there does! What ſhall I do now?

Enter GAYMORE, *reading a Letter and pauſing.*

Gay. Eleven o' Clock in the Grove——

Selin. O Heavens! my Letter! (*aſide*).

Sir *Geo.* I'll be hang'd if that is not from my Daughter; (*aſide*) a good Time for an Aſſignation, Mr. *Gaymore.*

Gay. I aſk your Pardon, Sir *George*, I really did not ſee you; (*puts the Letter, in a Confuſion, looſely into his Coat Pocket.*)

Sir *Geo.* O, Sir, ſuch Neglects are excuſable, when a Lady is concerned.

Gay. Very true; for the Man muſt be blind, who has any Dealings with them.

Sap. Why, Mr. *Gaymore*, do you hate the Ladies?

Gay. No, faith, I don't hate them; they are a pretty Sort of Creature enough, only ſo falſe, that a Man can't truſt them.

Selin. Are they all ſo, Sir?

Gay. Egad, I believe ſo; for I never thought but one true, and ſhe proved at laſt to be no *Phœnix.* Have you found your Daughter, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* No, Sir, (*ſighing.*)

Gay. Then may you rejoice; for, in my Opinion, ſhe's better loſt than found. Wou'd ſhe had never found my Heart! (*ſighs.*)

[*Whilſt they talk,* Silvia *takes the Letter, unſeen, out of* Gaymore's *Pocket.*]

Silv. Then you are in Love, Sir, I ſuppoſe.

Gay. I was, thank my Stars, and with a Coquet.

Silv. Now ſhall I have a moſt delightful Character. (*aſide*)

Sap. A Co--Co--quet, Sir *George*, what's that?

Sir *Geo.* I know not; 'tis a Sort of a Creature he compares my Daughter to, I think.

Sap. (*To* Silvia) Pray, Sir, are there any Co--Co--quets in *London?*

Silv. Yes, every Woman there is either a Coquet or a Prude.

Gay. (*To* Silvia) Then you came from *London*, Sir, I ſuppoſe?

Silv. I did, Sir.

Gay. And what News may we expect from thence?

Silv. Nothing very new: Great Men love Flattery as well as ever; Lawyers, as uſual, endeavour to paſs for honeſt Men, Fools for wiſe Men, and rich Rogues have ſtill the beſt Luck.

Gay. That I have long known. But are the Operas and Maſquerades as much frequented as ever?

Silv. More; every Place is Maſquerade now: There's no knowing a Man by his Face; he always wears two.

Gay. This Fellow has ſomething ſo engaging in him, methinks I could for ever hear him talk. (*aſide*) ——What makes you melancholy, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* I was juſt thinking of my poor Girl; though ſhe's undutiful, ſhe has often diverted me with this Sort of Diſcourſe; ſhe has been uſed to *London*, and has Wit enough, you know it, Mr. *Gaymore.*

Gay. I do know it, and had been happy, had I never known it; but I'll endeavour to forget it.

Silv. You now talk like a Man.——For what is Woman? She may be both witty and beautiful, but yet unjuſt. Such a Woman is not worth a Moments's Pain.——Think no more of your be-

loved Coquet; ſhe is a Woman, and a baſe one too! (*turns aſide, and weeps, having a ſhort Emotion, or Sting of Conſcience*).

Gay. This Youth knows more than I imagine. (*aſide*) Are you engaged, Sir, this Afternoon (*to* Silvia)? I ſhould be proud to take a Bottle with you.

Sap. Dear, Sir *George*, don't let him go; I want to have ſome more Talk about *London*.

Sir *Geo.* If ye are not all engaged, we are going Home to dine, and ſhall be glad of your Companies; 'tis good and wholeſome Food, and you'll meet an old-faſhion'd Welcome.

Silv. Will you go, *Selinda?* (*aſide to* Selinda.)

Selin. Any where with you.

Silv. Then we'll all wait on Sir *George*.

Sir *Geo.* Do, and we'll be as merry as the Day is long: And ſince my Daughter is gone, Sorrow's dry, and we'll endeavour to drown it in a Bottle of good old Port.

Silv. and *Gay.* } With all our Hearts.

Sir *Geo.* Then, Mr. *Sapſaint*, lead the way.

[*Exit* Sapſaint, *and the reſt follow, except* Silvia *and* Selinda.

Silv. (*To* Selinda, *taking her by the Hand.*) Come, Madam, I'll be your Guide for once.

Selin. Take care; don't lead me wrong.

Silv. Don't take me wrong; I would not willingly, I can aſſure you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Diſcovers* NANNY *in another Part of the Grove; ſhe comes forward and ſings.*

SONG V. Tune, *Deſperate is the Caſe, I ſwear.*

I.

Ne'er was Fate like mine, ſevere;
Ne'er was Maid ſo doom'd to languiſh:
Ne'er was Heart like mine ſincere,
Or a Heart ſo fill'd with Anguiſh.

Cruel Duty bids me leave him:
What is Duty? Gentle Love
Softly whiſpers, don't deceive him:
Can I then inconſtant prove?

II.

Cruel Parents, I'll obey ye,
Death alone can heal my Sorrow;
Sooner, Love, than I'll betray thee,
Sure Relief from Death I'll borrow.

When in his cold Boſom lying,
Soft Compaſſion then may move,
And proclaim my Soul when flying,
Juſt to Parents, true to Love.

Enter ALEXIS, *ſinging.*

SONG VI. Tune, *Leave Kindred and Friends, ſweet* Betty.

Leave Kindred and Friends, ſweet *Nanny*,
Leave Parents and Wealth for me,
I'm conſtant and true, dear *Nanny*,
As ever a Youth can be.

Such

Such Whimſies may fright the Lover
Who ſmiles upon every Fair;
Nor Parents, nor Death can ſever,
Whom Heaven has made ſincere.

Nann. (*Starting as with Joy.*) What, my *Alexis!* Has Heaven in Pity of my ſad Diſtreſs, ſent you to bring a Moment's ſhort Relief?

Alex. Yes, more, my Fair; Ten thouſand Moments of eternal Bliſs wait to proclaim thee Miſtreſs of my Heart. Then tune that Voice to Sounds more fit for Love, and do not talk of dying.

Nann. I muſt, indeed; for what is Life to me? I may, perhaps, be baniſh'd from my Parents to ſome foreign Land, where even You, at laſt, may be inconſtant, change with the Winds, and vary with the Seaſons; and yet, I ſwear, I cannot live without you.

Alex. Can I be falſe! What Fury inſpired that Thought! Sure Falſhood dwells not in this honeſt Dreſs! too plain to hide Deceit! No; that we've long ſince baniſhed from theſe happy Plains, to Courts and Cities, where the gilded Fop prizes himſelf too much to be ſincere; who, whilſt his Time in Love ſhould be employ'd, ſtudies New Dreſſes to delude the Fair; for ſure it is not Love that can betray.

Nann. I could for ever liſten and believe; nay, wiſh not to avoid ſo ſweet a Snare. Why, my *Alexis!* wasn't Heaven ſo kind as to give thee Wealth, or to have taken it from me?

Alex. Wealth! What is Wealth! the greateſt Foe to Virtue. I had not then, perhaps, been true to you. I want no Wealth; my Soul diſdains the Thought. This Crook can yield me far more happy Days, and peaceful Nights, than do the heavy Crowns which Monarchs wear. Say you'll be mine, and I'm more great than they.

Nann.

Nann. I muſt, I will be thine, though Parents frown, and all the World ſhould chide. I'll wander with thee whereſoe'er thou wilt, through *Alps* of Snow, or Deluges of Rain: Nor even Poverty itſelf ſhall fright thy *Nanny* from thee.

Alex. O charming Maid! Was e'er ſuch generous Love! Was Woman e'er ſo juſt, ſo true before!

Nann. At Break of Day, I'll riſe and feed thy Sheep, proud to be thought the Guardian of thy Flock.

Alex. No, my too lovely Fair, my Flocks may ſtray; whilſt tir'd with Love within each others Arms, ſoft-breathing Sighs ſhall lull us to Repoſe. Thy Form was ne'er deſign'd for Hardſhip, or ſhall know it: Let all the Toil be mine, thy Lover's Breaſt ſhall rival Beds of Down, which I ſhall rob thee of; and for that ſumptuous Fare, which now thou haſt, I'll ſtrip the Foreſt of its little Brood; I'll make thee Garlands of the ſweeteſt Flowers, and thou ſhalt be the Empreſs of the Grove; and what can I do more?

Nann. Enough, my Love; O! be thou always thus, and Fate may do its worſt!

Alex. I will! by Heavens I will!—No Force, no Bribe, ſhall ever change my Mind; I am juſt and faithful, tho' an humble Shepherd.

SONG VII. Tune, *Ye Shepherds and Nymphs.*

I.

Tho' Fortune has made me a Country Clown,
I'm free from the Vice and Deceits of the Town.
No Bribe ſhall e'er blind me to forfeit my Love,
But conſtant I'll be, by the Powers above!

II.

When bleſs'd with my *Nanny*, let Flocks go aſtray,
We'll love all the Night, and we'll chat all the Day;

Her

Her Praiſes I'll ſing to each neighbouring Youth,
And Ages to come ſhall talk of our Truth.

Nann. O! how I long to be this happy Wife! —Already I forget to think on Duty; for all my Thoughts are fill'd with Love and you: I now grow tir'd of this noiſy State, and wiſh to be at Peace.

Alex. Thou ſhalt, my Dear. We'll meet this Evening in the lower Grove, ſwear Conſtancy, and join our Hearts for ever. Be you diſguis'd like a Shepherdeſs, leſt ſome of your Father's Spies ſhould find us out: I'll provide a Lodging at the Houſe of a truſty Friend of my Acquaintance; and, in the Morning, Heaven ſhall be your Guide, whilſt your bright Eyes and Love ſhall be your Shepherd's.

Nann. The Evening! O all ye Gods! 'tis Ages till the Evening! I ſhall betray myſelf with Sighs and Wiſhes for that happy Evening.

Alex. No, no, my Love, 'twill quickly be at hand; the Day's far ſpent already: 'Till then farewell, I muſt not ſtay; for you'll perhaps be ſought for in the Grove, and I diſcover'd; ſhould that happen, all our Hopes will be loſt.

Nann. Heavens forbid! Thou deareſt Swain, farewel!—'till that long-wiſh'd-for happy Time, farewel!—O fatal Word! I never knew the anxious Pains of Love till now.

SONG VIII. Tune, *The Yellow-hair'd Lady.*

I.

Alex. The faithful *Leander*, when taking his Leave,
Thus ſigh'd to his *Hero*, nor Joy cou'd receive.
Like him to my Fair-One, thro' Oceans I'd rove,
Regardleſs of Dangers, whilſt guided by Love.

II. Ye

II.

Nann. Ye Gods! how her Terrors encreas'd at each Blaſt,
How little ſhe knew, but that Look was the laſt!
Like her, my *Alexis*, thy *Nanny* will mourn,
'Till ſafe as *Leander*, at Night you return.
[*Exeunt* ſeverally.

SCENE IV. *A Room in Sir* GEORGE's *Houſe.*

Enter GAYMORE, SILVIA, *and* SELINDA.

Silv. I think our Company are gone to ſleep.

Selin. 'Tis well they are, or I ſhould not have been awake much longer; for they have almoſt tired me to death with their Nonſenſe.

Silv. That's ſtrange.

Selin. No; old Men's Nonſenſe is generally tireſome.

Gay. (*To* Silvia) But methinks, Sir, you might be ſufficient to keep this Lady awake.

Silv. No, faith! not I, for I dare ſwear, ſhe'd think my Nonſenſe full as tireſome as the old Men's.

Enter WILL, *whiſpers* GAYMORE, *and* Exit.

Gay. (*To* Silvia) I'm ſorry, Sir, my Buſineſs won't permit me to have your Company longer; you ſee I'm ſummoned; my Service to Sir *George*. Another Time, I'll do myſelf the Honour of waiting on you.

Silv. When you pleaſe: This Lady can inform you where.

Gay. (*Bowing*) Madam, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Selin. I'm glad he's gone.

Silv. Are you ſure of that?

Selin. Sure of it!—Yes, I think ſo.

Silv. Now I think you are not.

Selin. Aye! (*pauſes.*)—Why do you think ſo?

Silv. Becauſe *You* do.

Selin. What do you mean? I don't underſtand you.

Silv. Nor wou'd you willingly underſtand me, were I to talk all Night.

Selin. No!—that's odd.

Silv. Not at all; for Women never underſtand any Body that tells them of their Faults.

Selin. What Faults? I know of none that I have committed, except it be in hiding your's.

Silv. Aye, aye, they are all mine!—You never commit any, you know.

Selin. No, not willingly.

Silv. Then I ſuppoſe you write in your Sleep; (*pulling the Letter out of her Pocket which ſhe took from* Gaymore) 'Tis pretty well wrote too, conſidering. (*ſmiles.*)—Do you know this Letter, Madam?

Selin. (*In a Confuſion.*) Letter!—Let me ſee it!

Silv. No, you'll not underſtand it, perhaps: I'll read it to you. (*reads.*) *Dear* Gaymore, *your Coldneſs, at our* laſt Parting, *gave me ſome Reaſon to believe I had the leaſt Share in your Thoughts.* (*to* Selinda.) Do you underſtand that, or ſhall I read it over again?

Selin. I'll have no more. (*walks about in a Paſſion*; Silvia *follows her, and reads.*)

Silv. Yes, yes, we'll have it all. (*reads.*) *I own, I deſerve it, for being ſo weak as to make* You Maſter of My Perſon. (*to* Selinda.) That was no Fault tho' to be ſure. (*reads*) *but I ſhou'd have thought on that before.* (*to* Selinda). Right! that was well conſidered. But, as you ſay, it would have been better you had thought on it before, (*laughing.*) (reads); *If you are not* better engaged, *I beg to ſee you this*

Morn-

Morning at Eleven o' Clock in the Grove. I am, until then, Yours——*A Long Stroke!*—That ſtands for *Selinda.* — Why that was prudent enough; it might have paſſed upon any one elſe for another. But you know, my Dear, *Silvia* is pretty well acquainted with your Hand.

Selin. I know that *You* are a Fool.

Silv. Pſhaw—that I always knew. But I muſt confeſs, I did not know that *You* were one before.

Selin. Then you know it now; and may publiſh it, if you pleaſe.

Silv. I am not ſo much your Enemy as that neither. But however, it was not kind to carry on an Intrigue with a Man you were ſenſible I had ſome ſmall Value for.

Selin. Then it ſeems you are jealous.

Silv. No; tho' I am a Fool, I am not a jealous one; for ſhe's the worſt of Fools. Beſides, the Regard which I had once for *Gaymore* is long ſince baniſhed.

Selin. 'Tis ſomewhat ſtrange then, that you ſhould concern yourſelf ſo much about the Matter.

Silv. 'Tis more ſtrange, that a Perſon who has concerned herſelf ſo much about *My* Conduct, ſhould have ſo little of *her Own.*

Selin. Henceforth you and your Conduct may be——

Silv. Damn'd, I ſuppoſe.—Come, *Selinda*, don't be malicious; 'tis for your own Sake I make ſo free with you.—If you had truſted me with your Love for *Gaymore*, you wou'd not now have Cauſe to ſigh.

Selin. (*Weeps.*)

Silv. Hang the Letter! (*tears it*) wou'd I had not mention'd it. (*aſide*) (*To* Selinda.) I am ſorry, Madam, I ſhould make you weep. I own, I have gone too far, and I aſk your Pardon.

Selin. No, I deſerve it all; and more from you.

Silv. You don't; indeed you don't: And tho' I loved him, I could wiſh him your's, rather than ſee you weep.

Selin. O, don't ſay ſo.

Silv. 'Tis true, indeed; and I'll be ſtill your Friend; nay, more, if poſſible, than ever. I am not ill-natur'd; the Fate, e'er long, may be my own, for ought I know; I can't anſwer for it; for I am a Woman too: And I muſt confeſs, I know my own Mind as little as any of the Sex.

Selin. But pray anſwer me one Queſtion. Did *Gaymore* give you that Letter?

Silv. I won't wrong him; he did not really.

Selin. Then, pray, how came you by it?

Silv. Why, being inſpired with a little of the ancient Curioſity, I took it out of his Pocket; and ſhould not have upbraided you with it, had not your Behaviour always been ſo reſerved.—I could ſcarce believe my Eyes!

Selin. Were your's ſo too, you'd be leſs talked of.

Silv. That may be. But you can't imagine how great a Pleaſure I take in being talked of. Why, I don't believe but I am, at this Time, the Diſcourſe of half the Beaux in *London*; for I am certain, there is not one in ten of them, that has not my Name, and where I lodged, ſet down in their Pocket-books.

Selin. You muſt have left a fine Character there.

Silv. With all my Heart. I would not confine myſelf to a dull, prudiſh Reſtraint, to ſave all the Reputations in Chriſtendom. You ſee, *Selinda*, *Gaymore* thought it worth while to follow me hither, and wou'd marry me too.

Selin. Wou'd he had never followed you hither!

Silv. I wiſh he hadn't, if he has injured you: But that's not my Fault; you ſhould have taken Care of that.

Enter

Enter BETTY.

Silv. What News, my little Meſſenger of Peace?

Bett. I never bring any bad, Madam. (*gives* Silvia *a Letter, which ſhe puts in her Pocket.*)

Selin. My Dear, I'll take my Leave.

Silv. No, not ſo ſoon.

Selin. I am obliged to be at Home; and you know, I muſt not diſobey.

Silv. I wou'd not have you do any Thing to your Detriment. And ſince you are reſolved to go, I'll ſee you ſafe. [*Exeunt* both.

BETTY *alone.*

How plaguy complaiſant my Miſtreſs is!—Now ſhe cares not one Pin, if *Selinda* breaks her Neck before ſhe gets Home, only for the Pleaſure of being free from any Interruption in her Deſigns.—What an unaccountable Creature ſhe is!—Not a Stateſman's Head in Chriſtendom was ever more fill'd with Plots and Schemes to cheat the Publick, than her's has been all this Day long with Contrivances how to compleat her own Ruin at Night.—She's a hopeful Mortal!—And her Maid here (*meaning myſelf*) to make out the old Proverb, Ne'er a Barrel the better Herring, is, like an honeſt and truſty Servant, for the Sake of a little Gold, betraying her to Mr. *Gaymore*. Well! if there's ſuch another Miſtreſs and Maid in *England*, I'll be bound to bear the Title of *Old Maid* all my Life-time.

Enter WILL, *running to her.*

Will. Dear, Mrs. *Betty*, 'tis eaſier to gain Admittance to a firſt Miniſter of State than to your Ladyſhip. There is not an Apartment in the Houſe, but I have had the Honour of ſearching for you in.

Bett.

Bett. You ſhould have ſearched in the right Place at firſt, and then you'd have been ſure to have found me.

Will. Bleſs us, my Dear, what need you be ſo pert?

Bett. Dear! Saucebox! — (*giving him a Slap on the Face*) I ſhall always be ſo pert, whilſt you are ſo impertinent. What's your great Buſineſs with me, pray?

Will. Egad, I can't tell now; you have beat it out of my Brains.

Bett. Out of your Scull, you mean: As for Brains, your Maſter and you have pretty much a like Share of them.

Will. What a-devil, do you think my Maſter has no Brains then?

Bett. No, his Head's too much fill'd with Love, to leave Room for any thing elſe.

Will. Why that is juſt my Caſe; for I am ſo deſperately in love, that I can neither eat, drink, or ſleep, and with you too.———

Bett. It was not a Sign ſo, when you had the Impudence to make Love to *Mary* before my Face, and had not the Manners to ſpeak to me: But ſee here! (*ſhews him a Purſe of Money*) I value you not of a Pin.—So farewel.

Will. Nay, ſtay, don't be in ſuch a Hurry; (*pulls her back.*) upon my Soul, I only did it to try your Love: Why you can't be angry for that.—Come, we muſt be Friends. (*kiſſes her.*)

Bett. Be quiet, you Blockhead, and let me alone; as I hope to be ſaved, if you ſtifle me ſo again, I'll cry out Murder.

Will. Then ſay you'll be Friends. (*kiſſes her again.*)

Bett. (*Out of breath,*) Well, well; pray let me go, I have ſomething elſe to do; I muſt go and make my Maſter's Bed, and lay his Night-cap ready.

Will.

Will. But, my Dear, promiſe to forgive me, and I'll go and help you.

Bett. Lard, you teaze one ſo, there's no getting rid of you.—Come then, if you will—(*in a mild Tone.*)

Will. You don't love me; now tell me firſt: Do you love me?

Bett. Pho, no.

Will. Look in my Face, and tell me ſo again.

SONG IX. Tune, *Don't aſk me if I love you*, &c.

Bett. You aſk me, if I love you,
I faintly anſwer, no:
Tho' greatly I approve you,
I muſt not tell you ſo,
I muſt not tell you ſo.
Whilſt every Kiſs denying,
Soft Raptures round me flow;
And when I ſay, I'm flying,
My Heart makes Anſwer, no,
My Heart makes Anſwer, no.

[*Exit.*

Will. Ha! ſay you ſo? I'll after then. [*Exit.*

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Grove.*

Enter ALEXIS *and* NANNY, *meeting.*

ALEXIS.

COME to my Arms, thou deareſt, beſt Beloved! a Place, by far, unworthy of ſo much Goodneſs! For ſure, the bounteous Gods, when thou wer't form'd, robb'd all the Sex, to make Thee one compleat.

Nann. Indeed, my Swain, 'tis Ages ſince I ſaw you; nay, more; I fear'd leſt ſome more happy Maid, infolded thus, had held thee from thy *Nanny*.

Alex. Not even Death ſhould bar my Way to thee: For though that cruel Foe ſhould threaten me; whilſt I invok'd him in my *Nanny*'s Name, his harden'd Breaſt would ſoften to Compaſſion, and ſtay the Blow, till on thy lovely Boſom I breath'd my laſt, and ſigh'd away my Soul. And, O ye Gods! who would not wiſh to die, to be ſo bleſs'd?

SONG

SONG X. Tune, *My Fate has undone me.*

I.

Al. Wou'd *Venus* proclaim me the Monarch of Love,
Or *Juno* prefer me to amorous *Jove*;
I'd fly their Embraces, nor Godhead perſue,
But chuſe to be mortal, my *Nanny*, with you.

II.

Nan. Wou'd *India* implore me her Wealth to com-
(mand,
Or Princes adore me, which few can withſtand;
I'd ſlight all their Proffers, contented to be
Poſſeſs'd of a Cottage, my Shepherd, with thee.
(*They embrace, and talk in dumb Shew.*)

Enter TOM GAYMORE.

Tom. This Grove muſt certainly be *Cupid*'s Paradiſe; for I never enter it, but I ſee the Image of his Mother.—Well, I am a lucky Fellow; for, thank my Stars, I have both Courage and Impudence enough to carry me through any Adventure.—Now ſhall I rob this Fellow, in a Moment, of a Prize, which perhaps he has been whole Years endeavouring to gain. (*Claps* Alexis *on the Shoulder*) Prithee, Friend, be a little more expeditious in your Grace, or I ſhall fall to before 'tis ended.

Alex. To what, Sir? I don't underſtand you. (*ſurprized.*) I am no Chaplain.

Tom. No, but I intend to make you a Pimp; and, in my Opinion, there is not much Difference,

Nann. O Heavens!

Tom. (*Holding her, and drawing his Sword.*) No Words, Madam, I am an Officer in Love; and when the Fort won't ſurrender peaceably, I take it by Storm. This Way, Madam. (*pulling her off.*) (*Alexis runs out.*)

Enter SILVIA.

Silv. So, what's the Matter here! My Lover turn'd Raviſher! I've long been weary of my Life, and now I'll loſe it. (*ruſhes in between them.*) Hold, Villain, hold! unhand the Maid!

Tom. Why prithee, who art thou?

Silv. A Youth that's much in Love, deſperate as you can be, wiſhing to die.

Tom. And do'ſt thou really wiſh to die?

Silv. I do, by Heavens, I do!

Tom. Then thou ſhalt live, if Life's the greater Pain.

(*Holds* Silvia, *and whiſtles. Enter two Ruffians, in Sorts of Liveries, who ſeize* Silvia *and* Nanny, *and rifle them. In the rifling of* Silvia, *they let a Letter drop, which lies on the Ground.*)

Enter GAYMORE, ALEXIS, *and* WILL.

Gay. Where is this Villain!—What, my little Youth beſet! I muſt reſcue him.

[Gaymore *beats them off.* Silvia, Alexis, *and* Nanny, *go off the other Way.*]

Re-enter GAYMORE.

Gay. I begin to fanſy myſelf a Knight Errant already.—If I ſucceed as well in my next Adventure, as I have done in this, I ſhall believe I deſerve the Title.—What have we got here?—This may be of Service. (*takes up the Letter and reads.*)

MY DEAR SILVIA,

THIS is to inform you, that I have, from your Maid, received your lovely Commands, and will execute them with all the Secrecy and Expedition

of

of a Lover, who languiſhes; nor can be ſaid to live without you. Betty *has given me a Key, which, ſhe ſays, will gain me Admittance into your Chamber, between the Hours of Twelve and One (as I may with Safety.) I'll not fail coming, to compleat that Happineſs, ſo long deſired by your impatient Lover,*

T. G.

Why this is doing of Buſineſs cleverly, without any Manner of Trouble or Ceremony about the Matter.—Ungrateful *Silvia!* How often have I ſued for a Smile, and been repulſed! — This is my *London* Gentleman!—The Letter dropp'd from him, before he had an Opportunity of ſending it: and dearly I'll revenge it, witneſs Heaven! if *Betty* does not fail me: But I have Gold, and that can ſoften her. I'll ſave thy Honour, *Silvia*, though I loſe my Life. Perhaps I may ſucceed; and, if I do, the Day at laſt will come, wherein you'll know your Faults, and thank me for it. [*Exit.*

Enter SILVIA, *melancholy.*

The firſt Inventor of Intrigues, I believe, was the Devil; for I have often heard ſay, that he'll lead us into a Scrape, and then leave us to get out of it as well as we can.—This is *My* Caſe.—That I ſincerely love, the Gods alone can tell:—But whom? A Villain!—My Soul abhors that Name! What then, ye Powers, can wretched *Silvia* do!—If I betray him, and expoſe myſelf, how will the envious World, with buſy Tongues, ſmile and reproach that Wit, once praiſed in *Silvia!* And *Silvia* ſure can never bear Reproach!—No; rather than do that, I'll go and meet my Ruin; ſmile at my Fate; and, only conſcious of it myſelf, bear all the Pain. A Pain indeed too great!—Yet this ſmall Pleaſure may enſue: I'm not beholden to

the World for Pity; for I deſpiſe the World. — Yet, what avails all this, ſince I'm become a Slave to Love? and ſuch a Love, as makes the meaneſt Wretch more bleſs'd than me!

SONG XI. Tune, *Mary Scot.*

Happy is ſhe who knows no Pain
From wanton Love, or faithleſs Swain:
But O! how wretched is the Maid
Who loves, yet knows ſhe is betray'd!

Thus like a trembling Hare I ſtand,
When eager Hounds are near at Hand:
Frighten'd, ſhe knows not where to fly;
This Way, or that, ſhe's ſure to die!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Sir* GEORGE's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir GEORGE, *drunk, and in his bald Pate;* BETTY *following him with his Night-Cap in her Hand. He ſits in his Chair.*

Bett. Will you be pleaſed to have your Night-cap, Sir?

Sir *Geo.* No, Sir, I won't be pleaſed to have it.

Bett. Then I ſuppoſe you'll let it alone. (*aſide.*) (*goes to lay it down on the Table.*)

— Sir *Geo.* Stay, Madam, come hither.

Bett. Yes, Sir. (*goes to him.*)

Sir *Geo.* Am not I Maſter of my own Houſe, pray?

Bett. Yes, Sir.———

Sir *Geo.* And may not I do as I pleaſe in it?

Bett. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Geo.* Then I inſiſt on ſeeing your Garters. (*ſtoops down in a drunken Manner.*)

Bett.

Bett. Hold, Sir, I deny that Prerogative; you muſt not enter upon my Primaſies.

Sir *Geo.* No!

Bett. No, really, Sir.

Sir *Geo.* I'll tell you what: I'll give — I'll give — I'll give — Let me ſee — I'll give you a whole Guinea, d'ye mind, — if you'll let me enter upon your Primaſies, as you call it.

Bett. That I cannot do, for the Tenement's mortgaged already; and ſhould you take Poſſeſſion, the Owner might come upon you for Damages.

Sir *Geo.* Well, if I do live 'till To-morrow, I certainly will be married; for I am moſt deſperately in love with a fair young Virgin.

Bett. In love, did you ſay?

Sir *Geo.* Aye, moſt deſperately wounded. (*ſighs.*)

SONG XII. Tune, *If you at an Office ſollicit your Due.*

Bett. O, talk not of Love with that tragical Face!
What Virgin wou'd Dotage admire?
Or ſhou'd you attain to the eminent Place,
You ſcarcely cou'd force a Deſire.

Then if you ſhou'd wed, and your Duty deny,
You'll ſoon have a Surfeit of wooing;
For *John*, or the *Coachman*, Defects can ſupply;
And Women, you know, will be doing.

[*Exit.*

[*The Scene is ſhut before Sir* George *as he ſits.*]

SCENE The laſt. SILVIA's *Chamber.*

Enter GAYMORE, *as in the Dark.*

Gay. This is her Chamber. That Purſe, which never fail'd me yet, has, without much Difficulty, conducted me hither. Yonder ſhe ſleeps as quiet and

and ſecure, as though ſhe hoped to wake again in Peace!—Unguarded Fair!—How eaſy may the vileſt Slave undo thee!—Say, O ye Powers! why you ordain'd the Sex ſo lovely!—ſo beloved!—yet ſo unhappy!—A Prey to every Fool that ſmiles upon them!—— But ſoft, I'll not diſturb her!—She'll wake too ſoon to know her Folly!

Enter SILVIA.

Silv. Poor *Silvia!* This Hour's ordain'd to bring thee Years of Pain!

Gay. Thou lyeſt, inſulting Villain!—Draw, and defend yourſelf! or take the juſt Reward of Cowardice,—your Death!

Silv. O Heavens!—draw!—I have no Sword to draw.

Gay. I fear'd as much, therefore have provided one; and here it is. (*offering her a Sword.*)

Silv. Pray, firſt inform me who is my Enemy; 'till now, I knew of none I had; for I never was one to any.

Gay. Gaymore's my Name!—not come hither, fraught with thy brutal Villainy; but pure unſpotted Love, to guard that Innocence which you would wrong.

Silv. Sure you muſt be miſtaken; I am not that Perſon you deſcribe: I never did any Wrong.

Gay. O! helliſh Dog! Think you I am unacquainted with your Admittance here? No, I am not miſtaken!—I know all, and will, this Inſtant, revenge it! (*drawing his Sword.*)

Silv. Good Gods! (*aſide.*) Hold, Sir; if you are a Gentleman, ſure you'll not raiſe a Diſturbance in Sir *George*'s Houſe, and frighten his Daughter, by committing Murder in her Chamber. Conſider!—*Silvia*'s Reputation's at Stake!

Gay.

Gay. I'll ſacrifice her Reputation to her Honour! —and therefore take the Sword; or———

Silv. For Mercy, hold!—I am wounded in the Arm, and cannot hold the Sword. —I'll fight with you To-morrow any where.

Gay. Damn'd, cowardly Excuſe! Nor Heaven, nor Hell, ſhall make me ſpare thee longer! (*lays hold of her, preſenting his Sword to her Breaſt.*)

Silv. O! hold, for Heaven's Sake! I'm not a Man; I am a Woman, and cannot fight.

Gay. You are, indeed, a Woman in your Heart, and ought for that to die.

Silv. No, I am a very Woman;—a Woman in every Thing but the Heart.

Gay. Be what you will, you have no Buſineſs here but Miſchief; and you ſhall not eſcape.

Silv. O, *Gaymore!* ſpare my Life, for I am *Silvia!* (*kneeling.*) Upon my Knees I beg it!—Can *Silvia* beg for Life, and be deny'd by *Gaymore* too?

Gay. Ha!—thou haſt rous'd my Soul!—My Mind miſgives me!—(*taking her up, and throwing down his Sword.*) Art thou really *Silvia?*—My *Silvia!*

Silv. I am, indeed, I am!

Gay. If thou art *Silvia*, what meant a Letter, written by a Man (which I found) with an Acknowledgment of one from you: wherein you had appointed him to meet you here, and at this Hour?

Silv. 'Tis true, and with a Bluſh I own it. I did appoint a Man to meet me here; one I thought juſt: Had he been ſo, I'd not have changed this Hour's Happineſs, to have been the greateſt Empreſs on the Earth: But he is falſe!—too late I found him ſo; 'twas he beſet us in the Grove; I have not ſeen him ſince; and rather choſe to meet him and my Fate, than let him through Revenge for being diſappointed, expoſe my Folly to the World. The Reaſon of this Dreſs was to diſguiſe

me, and to keep me from the hated Arms of *Sapſaint*, 'till I had ſecured my Fortune, and left the Country with that too well-beloved Monſter, whom I now expect with Horror.

Gay. Don't fear, I'll guard thee ſtill; nothing ſhall ever touch thy Fame, if I can help it.

Silv. What kind Power brought you ſo ſtrangely to deliver me!

Gay. That Power which never fails.—But here he comes.

Enter TOM GAYMORE.

Tom. By my Directions this is the Room. I have not met with the leaſt Interruption ſince I ſet out, only a Bark or two from her Ladyſhip's Lap-dog; but I ſoon diſpatched him; and now, with as much Expedition, I'll diſpatch my Affairs with the Miſtreſs. *Silvia!*—my Angel. (*in a ſoft Tone.*)

Silv. O, Villain! (*they ſeize him behind by each Arm.*)

Tom. Hey! Ruffians in a Lady's Bed-chamber! This is quite unfaſhionable. Prithee, Maſters, let me get my Sword; don't be ſuch damn'd Cowards as to murder a Man in the Dark. (*He ſtrives to get his Sword, but as they hold him, he cannot.*)

Gay. No, no, we'll ſoon have Lights. (*ſtamps.*)

Gay. and *Silv.* } Lights! Lights! Thieves! Lights!

Tom. Lights! Thieves! Murder!

Enter WILL *and* BETTY *with Lights, look frighted.*

Bett. What's the Matter? What's the Matter?

Tom. Rat me, if I can tell.

Gay. (*To* Will.) Hark ye, Friend, how came you hither?

Will.

Will. I knew it would be late before your Honour would go Home; and I was only playing a Game at All-fours with Mrs. *Betty* in the next Room.

Gay. Mighty well, Sir! However, 'tis lucky. Pray, Sir, come and take this honeſt Gentleman's Sword from his Side, and arm yourſelf with it.

Will. (*ſeemingly pleaſed.*) Yes, Sir. (Will *takes* Tom Gaymore's *Sword*; *they arm themſelves, and then let him looſe.*)

Gay. And now, Sir, what is your Buſineſs here?

Tom. Why pray, where am I?

Gay. Where do you think?

Tom. I did, at firſt, think in Sir *George Willfull*'s Houſe; but at preſent, I think on inchanted Ground.

Gay. Aye, and I am Knight-Errant.

Tom. If you are; where's the Princeſs you defend? Where's *Silvia?*

Silv. Know, to your Confuſion, I am *Silvia.*

Tom. Then, if thou art, I'll fight for thee; I have yet a Weapon left. (*takes a Pair of Piſtols out of his Boſom*; *lays one down for* Gaymore, *and preſents the other to him.*) It ſhall never be ſaid that *Tom Gaymore* ever loſt a Miſtreſs that he liked, for Want of Courage.

Gay. Tom Gaymore!—'Sdeath, my Brother!

Tom. Brother!—(*looking earneſtly at each other, they run and embrace.*)

Silv. More Wonders! *Tom Gaymore!* — What means this?

Gay. A Wonder indeed, Madam!—This is my Brother, whoſe Death you have often heard me lament: Brought hither and alive; by what Means I know not.

Tom. By the Means of my ill Fate now, I believe.

Gay. For once be ſerious, and tell us how you have diſpoſed of yourſelf; ſince I thought you dead, and the Meaning of this Proceeding.

Tom. Well! ſince it has been my Luck to meet you here, I will. In the firſt Place, I'll ſecure this — (*taking the Piſtol, and looking about.*) for I can hardly think myſelf ſafe yet.

Gay. Yes, yes, you are ſafe enough; nothing ſhall hurt you now.

Tom. You know I am a younger Brother; had a proud Spirit, but a ſmall Fortune: When that was gone, I knew no Buſineſs I had to be numbered amongſt the Living: And to prevent the Reproaches of my Friends, ordered it to be given out, that I was dead. I muſt confeſs, it was not long before I began to think the Jeſt was true, and looked upon myſelf as really dead. For when I enter'd thoſe Houſes, wherein I had ſpent my Eſtate, inſtead of the Welcomes, and Careſſes I uſed to meet with, I found nothing but ſhy Looks, diſdainful Frowns, and Ill-nature. In ſhort, the People ſeemed every-where to be as much afraid of me, as if I had been a down-right Ghoſt. You may eaſily judge how ill I cou'd brook ſuch Behaviour. So, debating with myſelf by what Means I ſhould get Money, I concluded that Nothing throve ſo well as *Villainy*. I had often obſerved, that a *poor*, *honeſt* Man was looked upon with Contempt, when a *rich*, *crafty Rogue* was reſpected and courted for his *Gold*; and that Eaſe and Pleaſure depended ſolely on Money. Theſe Reflections made me ſtick at Nothing that might procure me Wealth; I relied entirely on Fortune, and ſeized all ſhe threw in my Way. She, at laſt, conducted me to this Part of the Country, where I heard of that Lady's Riches and Beauty; (*pointing to* Silvia.) I thought neither diſagreeable: And being no Novice in Love-Affairs, endeavoured for both. I had pret-

ty

ty well ſucceeded by the Help of Mrs. *Betty* there; (*pointing to* Betty) and if you had not fruſtrated my Deſign, ſhould, this Night have ſealed the Bargain ſo ſure, that in the Morning the Lady would have made no Manner of Scruple to have gone off with me. I reſolved then to poſſeſs myſelf of all I could; obliged her with my Company a Night or two; and that over, left her to her own free Diſpoſition:—To return to you again, if ſhe pleaſed, my dear elder Brother! (*bowing.*)

Gay. I am infinitely obliged to you upon my Word!—(*bowing very low.*)

Silv. A plain Confeſſion truly! Mercy on us! what an Eſcape had I!—

Gay. And ſo you did not intend to marry her!

Tom. Not I, upon my Soul; I did not wiſh her ſo much Ill: For, as I knew ſhe cou'dn't ſupport me always, I thought ſhe might poſſibly, ſome Time or other, redeem her Character with the World, and light into better Hands than mine.

Gay. 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, you ſhould be thus impoſed on!—Who could you think this Man to be, or what?

Silv. His Words ſeem'd too ſincere to have the Appearance of Deceit: I thought him to be what he ſaid he was, a Gentleman, who had a large Eſtate, brought hither only by his Love for me; and who ſwore he wou'd make me all I wiſh'd to be,—his Wife. But firſt he'd free me from my Father's Clutches, leſt he ſhould prevent it.

Gay. Well, Brother! your Condition is not altogether ſo bad as you imagine: Your Uncle, at his Deceaſe, left you Five Hundred a Year, which I now poſſeſs by Reaſon of your ſuppoſed Death; I'll reſign it to you; and to let you ſee how greatly I conſult my *Silvia*'s Satisfaction, whom I adore beyond the World, or future Peace; and ſince it is poſſible her Love for you may render Life but

miſerable without you, I'll add Five Hundred more from my Eſtate. And, as you have no Averſion to her, marry her; whilſt I, contented with my Fate, retire; and in the ſmall Remainder of my Days, indulge Misfortunes. I only ſhall have this to ſooth my Pain, that I alone am wretched, and ſhe I love is happy, tho' *from me!* (Tom *leers, and looks grave.*)

Silv. No, *Gaymore*, I'll be yours, and only yours; your noble, honeſt Heart merits a Reward greater than I can give. 'Tis true, I have been unkind, and may be thought what Malice can invent. But yet to ſhew I can be juſt, when Gratitude compels; were your Brother the greateſt Monarch on Earth, had all the Accompliſhments of Mind and Perſon, and you plain *Gaymore*, with that honeſt Soul, I'd gratefully with Love, your Love re-pay, and fly from Crowns to live and die with you.

Gay. O tell me, all ye Powers! can this be real? Or has that Devil, which harbours in the Sex, blinded my Eyes and made it a Deluſion? Ah! no! it muſt be true. (*embracing her.*) My *Silvia*'s all divine. Seraphic Love dwells in this heavenly Breaſt. Within theſe Eyes we view celeſtial Bliſs, and ſure no Ill can come when you appear. Go, call Sir *George*, and all my Friends; nay, all the World, to ſee how I am bleſs'd.

Silv. (*To* Betty.) Go, bring *Alexis* and the Fair-One; you know I left them at my Father's Tenant's; I'll ſee them fairly wedded; for ſure no Pair before was e'er ſo true!

Bett. Madam, I will.— [*Exeunt* Will *and* Betty.

Tom. Brother, I'll take my Leave; To-morrow I'll wait on you.

Gay. No, prithee, ſtay and ſhare our Joy.

Tom. Your Joys are none to me. The Reproaches of that Pair, with the terrible Ideas I already

ready have of Matrimony, would plunge me ſo deeply into Deſpair, that I make no Queſtion but I ſhould hang myſelf before the Ceremony were ended.

Let ſilly Slaves wear out a tedious Life,
Chain'd to the dull Embraces of a Wife:
Whilſt happier I, my Time in Pleaſure ſpend,
Free to enjoy my Bottle, and my Friend.

A Fair-One too ſhall in her Place ſupply,
With *Chloe*'s Temper, and *Belinda*'s Eye:
She, in ſoft Hours, extirpates ev'ry Care;
A kind conſenting (not a married Fair!)

If palled with the Bliſs ſhe gives To-night,
To-morrow's Sun ſhall add a new Delight.
Free from their Chains, I'll prize my Liberty,
And laugh at Fools, who can, and won't be free.

[*Exit* Tom.

Gay. And now, my lovely Fair! (*embracing.*)

Silv. Hold, *Gaymore*; I have yet a Word to ſay, before your Happineſs is compleated.

Gay. Nothing to marr it, ſure!

Silv. I can't tell that. You know *Selinda*.—

Gay. I do.

Silv. And you have wrong'd her too.—

Gay. I never did.

Silv. She has herſelf confeſſed it to me.

Gay. Not that I wrong'd her.—'Tis true, I have ſhar'd her private Favours, though never ſought for any. She oft confeſs'd ſhe lov'd me, whilſt ſhe own'd ſhe knew my Heart was your's. Nor cou'd ſhe hope a greater Bliſs from me than what ſhe then obtain'd. *Selinda*'s fair; and ſure, had you been *Gaymore*, you'd have done the ſame.

Silv. I believe I ſhould. And yet, methinks, I love *Selinda* too, and wou'd not have her mourn whilſt we rejoice. I'll contrive to have her mar-

married to *Sapſaint*; he often has admit'd her for her Piety, and frequently recommends her as an Example to others: He has Gold enough to make her happy. If ſhe loves him not, why ſhe may prove a *London*-Wife; and that the World may have no Reaſon to ſuſpect her Virtue, rail at Vice, ſwear an utter Abhorrence of her moſt darling Sins; go to Church conſtantly three Times a-day; fix her Eyes on the Ceiling, and pray louder than the Parſon, yet laugh in her Heart to think how charmingly ſhe plays the Hypocrite: then return Home, throw off her tireſome Diſguiſe, give a Looſe to all Pleaſures in the Arms of ſome young Gallant, and make a Cuckold of the poor Huſband, whilſt he's entertaining his Friends with a Recital of all the good Qualities of his ſanctified Wife.

Gay. O, charming Girl! how ſweetly ſounds, even Vice, from theſe dear Lips! And wilt thou ne'er be like the *London*-Wives, ne'er be falſe?

SONG XIV. Tune, *Polwart on the Green.*

I.

Silv. The tempting Bait of Gold,
The fickle Maid ſhall view,
Yet ſtill her Honour hold,
And tender Love perſue.

Old Time ſhall quell the raging Sea,
And Oceans Deſarts be:
The gloomy Night ſhall turn to Day,
When e'er I'm falſe to Thee.

II.

Gay. When Honeſty ſhall dwell
Amidſt the guilded Train,
And Virtue quit her Cell
In ſhining Courts to reign;

When

When Wit and Senſe by Fools are priz'd;
Whilſt Folly few approve;
When Fops and Knaves become deſpis'd,
Then may I ceaſe to love.

Enter ALEXIS, NANNY, WILL, *and* BETTY.

Silv. (*To* Nann.) Madam, you're welcome. I ſuppoſe *Betty* has, by this Time, told you who I am.

Nann. She has; and on my Knees, I thank you for that Care, which I could never expect from ſuch Goodneſs. (*kneeling.*)

Silv. Riſe, Madam; I ſent not to inform you what I have done, but what I mean to do. I know you love *Alexis.*

Nann. That, witneſs Heaven!

Silv. And I believe him true.

Alex. O! do not doubt it!

Silv. Then love him ſtill: And as your Friends are only ſway'd by Gold, whate'er he wants in that to equal yours, I'll ſupply him with.

Alex. And can you be ſo good?

Silv. I can, and will; ſo true a Paſſion ought to be rewarded. This Night I have reſigned my Freedom to Mr. *Gaymore*, and only wait for the Parſon to bind the Bargain; if you will alſo accept of a Caſt of his Office, he ſhall join you to *Alexis:* Our Houſe you may command until your Marriage is made known; then, if your Parents continue ſtill obdurate, remain with us, and ſhare our Fortunes. You ſhall in me a tender Friendſhip find, a Friendſhip which ſuch Virtue well deſerves.

Gay. (*To* Alexis.) And you, *Alexis*, muſt be my Companion: Your faithful Company ſhall ſweeten Life, and make me paſs, in innocent Delights, the

the tedious Days, when abſent from my Love. What ſay you both to this?

Alex. O, teach us how in Words we may expreſs our grateful Thanks, if there are Words that can!

Nann. May Hoſts of Angels guard you for this Bounty! And may your lateſt Days be bleſs'd as now!

Silv. No more! live in each other, and be happy, till virtuous Minds, like yours, ſhall wiſh you otherwiſe.

Nann. O, my *Alexis!* how my ſwelling Heart beats with Exceſs of Joy, to ſee the dreadful Storm that threaten'd us, ſo quickly paſt, and all our gentle Peace again reſtor'd, to laſt for ever!

SONG XV. Tune, *Fye! Gar, rub her o'er wi' Stra'*, &c.

So the Turtle, deep in Sorrow,
Oft had paſs'd the tedious Day,
Nor Relief from Care cou'd borrow;
Her kind Mate was flown away:

But, the conſtant Bird returning,
Gladly hugs his am'rous Chain;
And the tender Female's Mourning,
Now is chang'd to Joy again.

SONG XVI. Tune, *Thus the plaintive Exile ſighs*, &c.

Alex. Thus the Sailor joys to find
His long-deſir'd Port at Hand;
Then vows again to truſt the Wind
Only in calmer Gales at Land.

So in thy faithful ſnowy Breaſt
(The happy Lover's peaceful Shore!)
Free from Cares, my Soul ſhall reſt,
And tempt the Storms of Fate no more.

Will.

Will. (*To* Gaymore.) If your Honour wou'd not be diſpleaſed, I'd beg Leave to put in a Word.

Gay. I can be diſpleaſed at nothing now.

Will. Well then; your Honour muſt know, I have for a long Time had a great Kindneſs for Mrs. *Betty* here: now ſince you are ſending ſo many Hearts to *Cupid*'s Market, I ſhould be glad if you'd be ſo good as to throw in ours into the Bargain. (*bowing.*)

Gay. With all my Heart.

Silv. What ſay you, *Betty*, will you have Mr. *William?*

Bett. Juſt what your Ladyſhip pleaſes; I am very conformable, and eaſily perſuaded to any thing.

Gay. That thou art, be it what it will, I'll vouch for thee. But where's Sir *George?*

Bett. I left him half a-ſleep; nor cou'd I, for my Life, make him underſtand me: He told me he'd ſoon be up, and know your Buſineſs.—But here he comes.

Enter Sir GEORGE, *half dreſs'd.*

Sir *Geo.* Hey dey! is Hell broke looſe? What a-devil do ye all want in my Houſe at this Time o'the Night?

Silv. Don't frighten yourſelf, Sir; we are come to bring you your Daughter.

Sir *Geo.* Daughter! Where is ſhe? What is ſhe dead? (*looking about.*)

Gay. Dead! no Sir, 'tis ſhe that talks to you. (*Sir* George *ſtares.*)

Silv. I ſuppoſe my Father imagines you retain ſome of the Art of a certain famous Author, who has made People talk after they have been dead.

Sir *Geo.* Father!—Who is your Father, pray?

Silv. You are, Sir, if you will forgive me my paſt Faults, and own me for your Daughter.

Sir *Geo.* No bantering, young Spark, I know you; your *London* Impudence ſhan't perſuade me out of my Senſes.

Gay. 'Tis true, indeed; look on her well; it is your Daughter, but only in Diſguiſe. (*Sir* George *takes up the Candle, and looks in her Face.*)

Sir *Geo.* The ſame, as I live! Why what a blind Son of Whore was I not to know my own Child all this Time? Egad! I am glad I have found thee in any Shape. I'll go this Moment and ſend for *Sapſaint.*

Gay. Hold, Sir *George*, that's the Way to force her to another Flight. We hope you'll conſent to a more equal Match: She has, at length, promiſed both Hand and Heart to me; I think I beſt deſerve her, if Truth and long Diligence can claim ſo great a Prize; and even now have prevented her meeting Ruin, by reſcuing her from the Arms of a Libertine, whom ſhe choſe to fly with, rather than obey your hard Commands. Enquire no farther, the Particulars, with the Reaſon of this Couple's Preſence, you ſhall know at Leiſure.

Sir *Geo.* O vile, abominable Monſter! run away with a Fellow!

SONG XVII. Tune, *A young and beauteous Shepherdeſs*, &c.

I.

Silv. (*To* Sir *Geo.*) O blame not, Sir, that tender Love
That led my Heart aſtray;
The Nymph muſt be inſenſible,
Whom he cou'd not betray.
When Paſſion pleads with Beauty's Aid,
Can

Can aught the Charm forego?
There's ne'er a Maid upon the Plain
That wou'd have anſwer'd, No.
That Air, that Grace, that Face, that Tongue,
What Mortal cou'd withſtand?
Soft Tranſport glow'd in ev'ry Vein,
Whene'er he ſqueez'd my Hand.

II.

Had chaſte *Diana* heard the Youth
His throbbing Heart unfold,
With how much ſeeming Innocence
The pleaſing Tale he told,
The frozen Maid, before unmov'd,
Had then her State deplor'd,
And freely left the Chace belov'd
To be the Nymph ador'd.
I little thought the Vows he made
Were baſely to enthral;
Nor that my Heart was then betray'd,
At Night to give up *All*.

Sir *Geo*. Take her, take her! and may ſhe make thee as great a Cuckold as any in the Pariſh of St. *James*'s!

Gay. If ſhe does, I ſhall be ne'er the worſe eſteemed for being faſhionable. I'll act like a true *Britiſh* Huſband; wear my Horns in my Pocket, and be mighty courteous and civil to the Gentleman who ſhall do me the good Office.

Sir *Geo*. 'Sblood! I'll go ſend for Mr. *Tackum*, the Parſon, and have you marry'd directly, or we ſhall have her to ſeek again by To-morrow-morning. (*they laugh.*)

[*Exit Sir* Geo.

Silv. And now we have nothing more to interrupt our Joys; we may, with Pleaſure, congratulate each other's Happineſs.

[Gaymore, Silvia, Alexis, *and* Nanny, *range themſelves in the Front of the Stage*; Will *and* Betty *wait behind.*

GAYMORE.

Thus happy, my Deareſt, in Thee,
And ſolely poſſeſs'd of thy Charms,
No King ſhall be envy'd by Me,
When ſweetly diſſolv'd in thy Arms.

Aſſiſted by Hymen and Love,
Such Bliſſes as ne'er can be cloying,
E'ry bleſs'd Night ſhall improve;
Till Ages are loſt in enjoying.

SILVIA.

Dear *Gaymore*, to pleaſe you I'll ſtrive,
The Farce I have play'd's at an End;
In Comfort with you I will live,
Reſolv'd never more to offend.

Let future *Coquets* take their Choice,
If Joy in *Coquetting* they'll find;
I give you my Hand and my Voice,
That to you I'll be conſtant and kind.

ALEXIS.

Dear *Nanny*, with you I am bleſs'd,
'Tis the utmoſt I ever deſir'd;
Ne'er Virgin more Virtue poſſeſs'd,
Nor by Shepherd was e'er more admir'd.

Sincerity dwells in my Heart,
At Reſt and at Peace is my Soul;
To each other our Joys we'll impart,
And no Sorrows ſhall e'er us controul.

NANNY.

In *Alexis* a Heaven I ſee,
His Soul is as gentle as Air;
His Actions are gen'rous and free,
And I'll eaſe him of ev'ry Care.

My Heart is attended with Truth,
My Love is with Virtue united;
And may ev'ry gen'rous Youth
Have thus his Paſſion requited.

CHORUS.

Let Huſbands and Wives live in Peace,
In Unity, Gladneſs, and Love;
Endeavour each other to pleaſe,
And be bleſs'd by the Powr's Above.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *SILVIA.*

WELL, Ladies, all my Dangers now are paſt;
Marriage has bound the Elder Gaymore *faſt;*
I now am ſafe.—All Things are made ſecure:—
A handſome Jointure—and a Huſband ſure.
But hadn't Fortune *ſmil'd, I, to my Coſt,*
My Honour *at a* Sordid Game *had loſt;*
Tom Gaymore *is a dev'liſh dang'rous* Spark,
And led me, by ſoft Speeches, in the Dark.
He wou'd have play'd me a damn'd ſcurvy Trick
Had not my Huſband ſav'd me in the Nick.
Bleſs me!—I ſhould have been—that's ſure—
I ſhudder at the Thought!—at leaſt a Whore.
Without a Huſband I—And my poor Son
Had prov'd a Caſt-away, *and been undone.*
Such Men as He *have ruin'd half our Sex,*
And only TITTER, *whilſt* We *fret and vex.*
It muſt be ſo;—if Women will be Fools
To ſwerve from Honour's and from Virtue's Rules.
Ne'er truſt the Man who proves the Wanton Lover,
You'll ſurely find him an inconſtant Rover.
For He *who will not freely go to Church,*
To Sign and Seal, will leave you in the Lurch.
For the firſt Night he'll revel in your Arms,
And ſwear that Venus *ne'er could boaſt ſuch Charms:*
But mark the next!—Such Tranſports ſeldom laſt;
He tools—and longing ſome New Diſh *to taſte,*
Diſlikes his former Sauce, *and parts in Haſte.*
Faith! Virgins are a brittle Sort of Ware,
Loſt in a Crack, *for all their Parents Care.*

When

EPILOGUE.

When once a Girl *to* TOYING *gives her Mind,*
'Tis Ten *to* One *a* Baſtard's *in the Wind.*
But in the Marriage-bed, 'tis true, All's Right;
My Wedding-day *produc'd a* CHARMING NIGHT.
Such Joys! — Such Raptures! — Such a pleaſing Lecture!——
I'll ſay no more—but leave you to conjecture.
I'll make him, in Return, a duteous Wife,
And carefully avoid All Cauſe *of Strife:*
Henceforth I'll make it my Whole Aim *to pleaſe;*
And let my Huſband lead a Life of Eaſe.
And ſince You * Men of Taſte *are grown ſuch Wretches,*
I'll never more attempt To WEAR THE BREECHES.

* Addreſſes Herſelf to the Beaux.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

When once a Girl to roving gives her Mind,
'Tis Ten to One a Husband's in the Wind.
But in the Marriage-bed, 'tis true, All's Right;
My Wedding-day produc'd a CHARMING NIGHT.
Such Joys! — Such Raptures! — Such a pleasing Fu-
ture! ——
I'll say no more — but leave you to conjecture.
I'll make him, in Return, a dutious Wife,
And carefully avoid All Cause of Strife:
Henceforth I'll make it my Whole Aim to please,
And let my Husband lead a Life of Ease.
And there You "Men of Taste may groan such Wretches,
I'll never more ASSIST YOUR BRETHREN.

* Addreſſes Herſelf to the Beaux.

FINIS.